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Auld Lang Syne

Auld Lang Syne

By Robert Burns

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Auld Lang Syne.

"BURNS is so much the greatest of Scottish poets that no other comes into the reckoning," and of all the many tender, passionate and beautiful songs he added to our language "Auld Lang Syne" stands as preëminent as he does among singers. It was adapted by him in the writing to an old Scotch air, and jumped into the widest popularity as soon as it was published in the Scots Musical Museum, 1786. For over a century it has been the common song of the Anglo-Saxon race, wherever its members may be; and it will live while the race lives, as he has handed it down to us. Writing of it to a friend, in 1793, Burns says: "The air is mediocre, but the song, the old song of the olden time, which has never been in print nor even in manuscript until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
And we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

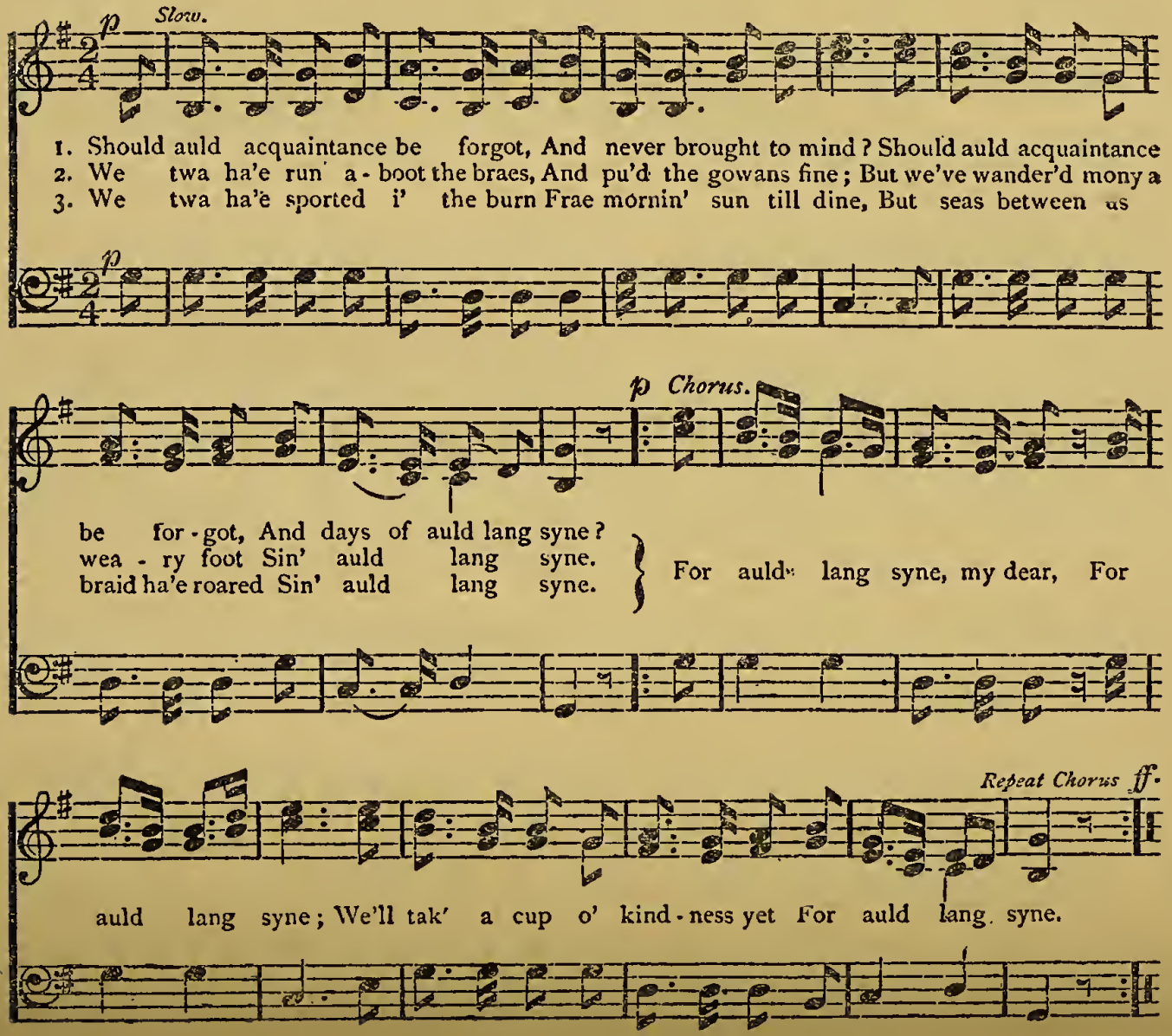
We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.


p Slow.
1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
p
p Chorus.
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
Repeat Chorus ff.
auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

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